



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

contained in *The Standard-Bearers* with serious fiction of the sort that, without being extraordinarily subtle or exceptionally profound, does increase one's knowledge and enlarge one's views of life. Surely it is only a kind of pedantry to say that true stories may not be compared with imagined stories because the first give pleasure of a commonplace kind while the second give pleasure of an artistic kind. The two kinds of pleasure are not wholly distinct; the two kinds of stories are in fact compared; they come into competition with each other in the minds of all readers—for each must meet the final test of value.

If it be objected that a treatise on public hygiene has human value, it may be acknowledged that the subject matter of such a treatise is ill adapted to the story form, but it may be maintained that if specific truth about the Pennsylvania State Police can be made to fuse with a good story, this sort of truth has as much value as can be attributed on the same condition to general truth about the ways of a man with a maid, and that in just the same manner it enhances the "literary" value of the story of which it forms an integral part.

Now Miss Mayo's narratives contain many of the elements that find most suitable expression in story form and they contain scarcely anything else. Remarkable and exciting sequences of events, varieties of human character; strange contrasts of tenderness with brutality, or of the piquant with the hideous in the same person; the behavior of crowds; the vivid sense of *esprit du corps* among disciplined men; types of unsentimental heroism—when we want to be thrilled (not bored) by such things we commonly turn to writers of fiction. But here, in Miss Mayo's true stories, all these elements are presented with fictional power. In interest of plot, in effectiveness of character-drawing, and in animation of style, these tales scarcely yield to the fictitious exploits of Sherlock Holmes, while back of them and lending its "punch" to each narrative is, not the questionable virtuosity of an imaginary detective, but the clean efficiency of real men.

In short, Miss Mayo has written true stories that are as well worth while as concrete facts could well make them and as intriguing as cleverly imagined fiction. The realization that the Pennsylvania State Police are doing a splendid and necessary work and doing it with devotion and efficiency under the inspiration of a high ideal of service; that these men are the standard-bearers of a new movement toward greater security and justice for all—this may be of less value than the philosophy of life or the revelation of beauty that may emerge from a great work of imagination, but its value is great. And when it gives life to a series of intrinsically interesting narratives one cannot but feel that these true tales are in all ways much to be preferred to fiction of the less inspired sort.

THE FLAME THAT IS FRANCE. By Henry Malherbe. New York: The Century Co., 1918.

In *The Flame That Is France* we have to do with the work of a poet. That M. Malherbe writes in prose does not, of course, alter this fact. His musings over deep things, his fragmentary, intense

picturings of action or character, have the meaning of poetry and are expressed in its language.

In poetry the most intimately personal feeling becomes sublimated—ceases, that is, to be merely personal, however clearly the marks of a unique personality may be stamped upon its expression. This sublimated feeling convinces and satisfies—not because it expresses a truth that has been won from experience by generalization, but simply because it is pure and intense.

Consider this passage in M. Malherbe's simple and eloquent little dialogue with Death:

"In my shining gardens," says Death, "I shall give you calm, order, harmony. . . . When I meet you in these caverns, it is so easy for me to engulf you. Already in your blue uniforms, you are fragments of the sky. Almost insensible is your passage into the atmosphere."

On reading this, the conviction instantly arises that all men whose souls have been purged by sacrifice in a great cause must think thus or in some analogous manner concerning death—though probably no two, even if equally gifted, would express the thought in the same or similar words. In producing this conviction M. Malherbe sufficiently interprets the spirit of his countrymen; but he does this by doing something larger—by expressing an impersonal feeling—a feeling of beauty in the midst of terror—in short, by writing poetry.

It is possible also in the midst of death to feel exultation over the splendor of life. A man who knows that he may soon be slain may thus address his Maker:

" . . . Lastly, you have let me spring up in the fullness of day, with all the freshness, the abundance, the bold suppleness of a jet of water that mounts toward your balconies, and behold, you add to your bounty the supreme boon: you cut it short without causing me pain, and I expire in the moment of taking flight toward your heavenly terraces."

In the intervals of stress, too, a man may find in his heart a cool tranquillity that naturally expresses itself in a classic figure.

"As for you," says Death, "you toil in the market-place of the blind, without perceiving the sages that smile at you, surprised and shy, at the corner of the entering streets,—without drinking of the cool waters of the spring."

These musings, however, need substance and a setting. How can one understand the flame without seeing the burning wood? The actual experiences must be described. In what words, then, shall a poet show forth the realities that are interfused with the things of the spirit in the life of the soldier—the gross, material things that become in war so dreadfully insistent, the violent action, the corpses, the shocking mutilations?

For some of these things M. Malherbe finds strikingly beautiful words, as when he tells of the French artillerymen:

"The gunners have lived so long with their cannon that they have come to have the same vibrant grace; they are like rapid automatics, supple and precise. The gestures of the men who charge the guns have the violent and at the same time yielding elasticity of the pieces

themselves, recoiling on their sliding runners. A fixed unity of many harmonious organs."

For others—for his accounts of agony, grief, death, the grappling of the mind with horror,—he finds words of bare simplicity. But always in the intensity, the impassioned calmness, of his realizations he is a poet.

A STUDY IN ENGLISH METRICS. By Adelaide Crapsey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1918.

At first thought it seems extraordinary that English verse, the effect of which is so instantly felt, except in a few cases, by even the untutored ear, should on analysis turn out to be so complex and subtle an affair that a scholar of undoubted poetic appreciativeness, like Professor Saintsbury for instance, may devote a whole volume to the subject without convincing a majority of his readers that he has reached the root of the matter. Such, however, is the fact. English poets have written melodiously, they hardly knew how, but with full confidence that their readers would feel the intended effect. The readers for the most part have felt the intended effect, but have been even less able than the poets to explain it.

After reading a number of treatises on English verse, no two agreeing, one may be tempted to conclude that all the simple schemes—like the pure accentual scheme—are inadequate, and all the complex ones pedantically impossible. To lose interest in the subject, however, just because it proves so refractory to the touch of common sense or of scientific analysis, would be most unwise. Poetry—even on the metrical side—is not an applied science, but an art. Like every true art, it involves the mutual adjustment of several different elements that were not originally made with a view to fitting together like mortise and tenon. The metricist, like the poet in a larger sense, is therefore a *trouvère*, a "finder." The general reader may appreciate the effect of his discoveries; the critic must make them after the poet.

No one has set forth the theory of verse-structure in its true subtlety more simply and clearly than has Miss Crapsey. Within the structure of English verse, she holds, must be recognized "a complex of three inter-existent structures: 1, the verse-form proper, itself two-fold, consisting of (a) the rhythmic arrangement and (b) the syllabic arrangement by means of which the rhythm is exteriorized; and, 2, the substructural phonetic speech-arrangement."

The materials with which a poet has to work are words, considered not merely as symbols of thought or as rhetorical or grammatical units, but as collections of syllables. It is obvious, therefore, that the extent and nature of a poet's vocabulary ought to have an important bearing upon his art as a metricist. This clue Miss Crapsey methodically followed up. She derived a scale of polysyllabic occurrence from an analysis of the vocabularies found in (a) 125 nursery rhymes, (b) the poems of Milton, (c) the poems of Pope. The result was the discovery that poetic vocabularies fall into three main groups according to the percentage of polysyllables employed. This discovery was